

# The SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## MY LOVE AND I.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY BEULAH.

All in the tender gloaming,  
As light fades in the west;  
Beside the window dreaming  
Of him I love the best.

The tears softly gather,  
Bitter, and yet so sweet;  
Listening to the echoes  
Of swiftly coming feet.

'Tis half of joy, half sorrow,  
United bliss and pain;—  
Like sudden beams of sunlight,  
That alternate with rain.

My heart grows strangely lonely,  
Waiting this weary while;  
For oh! the footsteps echo  
O'er many a weary mile.

Would that I could shorten  
The miles that intervene,  
The wide, waste, lonely distance,  
My love and I between.

And still with every footfall,  
My heart beats quicker measure;  
As fondly I sit dreaming  
Of my proud heart's chosen treasure.

I clasp my hands in pleading,  
Dear Father care for him!  
Give to his life sweet sunshine!  
Though mine be dark and dim.

Yes, Father, e'en in darkness,  
Of most intense despair;  
My eyes would still turn upward,  
And plead—for him—Thy care.

Draw from my life the sweetness,  
And leave sorrow and grief;  
Take from me all life's brightness,  
And give to him my all.

Yet let me be the blossom  
That kisses his dear feet—  
If he but smile upon me,  
This life will still be sweet.

For he might stoop to gather  
The loving little flower;  
And dying it would give him  
The fragrance of an hour.

## UNDER A BAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST  
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,  
AUTHOR OF "CLAUDIA," "CUT ADRIPT,"  
&c., &c.

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### CHAPTER V. AFTERWARD.

Miss Kip went to the dressing-room with  
her arm around Rachel.

"My dear," she said in a whining tone,  
which she meant for sweetness, "he's a  
most worthy young man. His father was  
the salt of the earth, and it will be your  
blessed duty and privilege to bring him back  
to the covenant of grace. I see it all, my  
dear Rachel, and you have my prayers for  
your happiness. It will be clearly a Christian  
duty, and he will make an excellent hus-  
band. To think of his giving me five dol-  
lars! Why, we'll have to make him a life  
member!"

Rachel Garth blushed in her awarthy  
fashion. It was not ill-pleasing to know  
that some one had remarked his attention.

"Father speaks very highly of him," she  
said modestly.

"He's worthy of it, I'm sure. He looks  
only the 'one thing needful,' and you'll be  
the instrument of saving grace. It's worth  
waiting for, Rachel. He is just about the  
right age, and settled in his habits. I wish  
you joy; and yet Miss Kip sighed as she en-  
veloped her head in a gray Nubia, which  
made it look higher than ever.

Rachel went down with her, leaving two  
lamps burning in the room, in the height of  
her complacency. Lucy started from the  
nook below the bedstead, where she had  
stooped to pick up a stray shawl pin.

"I wonder if she thinks he will marry  
her?" and the child laughed scornfully.  
"Old as she is, and she never could have  
been pretty when he first knew her! Oh,  
Rachel Garth, you think you are keen and  
far-sighted—you can stay at home and  
drudge, since you like it so well, but I mean  
to ride in my carriage. He almost said that  
he loved me!"

The lights were out presently, and both  
girls dreamed of Warren Thorndike. I'm  
not sure but Rachel thought the most truly  
of his happiness, both temporal and spiritual.

Mr. Thorndike spent nearly all of the fol-  
lowing morning at the mill. He had no  
fault to find with Mr. Garth's management  
of his capital, and he concluded that he  
would not withdraw it. Mr. Garth en-  
deavored to persuade him to give up roving,  
settle at Dedham and marry.



A VIEW IN TIBET.

The above view of Le, Thibet, is from a  
drawing which was made on the spot. It is  
in what is called Ladaek or Middle Thibet,  
which is a very high and mountainous coun-  
try. The climate being very cold, the men  
wear close dresses of woollen cloth and large  
mantles, which, amongst the poor, consist  
of sheepskins, with the wool towards. The  
women wear a black woollen jacket, a large  
striped woollen skirt of many colors, and a  
sheepskin cloak or mantle. The upper  
classes cover the sheepskin cloak with bro-  
cade or silk.

The religion of the country is Lamaism, a  
form of Buddhism. The high priest of this  
religion lives at Lassa, in Great Thibet,  
while throughout the lands which own him  
as a sort of pope, there are numerous mo-  
nasteries filled with priests and nuns. The  
temples are full of idols. For several years  
past two Moravian missionaries have been  
laboring in Thibet, and a number of the  
people have become Christians. Not long  
since a Church of England clergyman, jour-  
neying in North India, was prevented from  
entering China. He crossed two mountain

passes, fourteen thousand feet above the sea,  
one of them equal in height to Mount Blanc.  
After a rapid journey of nine days, he entered  
the village of Poo, in Thibet, took the  
Moravian Missionary and his wife by sur-  
prise, and remained four days under their  
hospitable roof. He speaks thus of the  
Christian courtesy shown him:

"During my stay the missionary and his  
wife showed me the greatest kindness and  
attention. He told me many of his hardships,  
trials, and difficulties when he first came  
here. Every one was opposed to him and to

his work; however, he endured all with  
patience. At last he overcame all difficul-  
ties by kindness, which is the key-note  
of the human heart; now he is happy with  
the people around, and gets on well with  
every one. The young children call him Pa,  
and the grown-up, Lama. The people, who  
are Buddhists, allow him to go into their  
houses. I accompanied him many a time in  
these visits. His language is understood by  
all. During my stay many Lamas visited the  
mission-house. To every one he spoke kindly  
and earnestly of the one thing needful."

"You've done capitally, Garth! This  
muddy old pile of woods and dyes is almost  
as productive as copper. Your girls will  
have a handsome start!"

He thought that quite an adroit move.  
"Yes, if they marry to suit me. Rachel  
has been an excellent daughter, an efficient  
and economical housekeeper—and she will  
prove a treasure to the man who gets her.  
But Lucy—" and the father paused in per-  
plexity.

"And Lucy?" said Mr. Thorndike, with  
more interest than he cared to avow.

"The child is wayward and rebellious.  
Of course you know, Thorndike, that my  
second marriage was not a happy one. Lucy  
inherits her mother's fatal beauty and vanity.  
She might easily become the prey of some  
designing villain, but so sure as she ever  
marries against my will, not one dollar shall  
she have!"

"Oh, she is not likely to," was Thorndike's  
careless response. He was quite satis-  
fied, but he would win Lucy before making  
the subject public.

They went on skirmishing in a light way,  
neither exactly showing his hand, but when  
they parted Mr. Garth renewed his cordial  
invitation.

"Drop in any time," he said. "You'll  
always be welcome. Your father and I were  
good friends, and if it comes to anything  
nearer, I'd be proud to call you son."

"Thank you."

Thorndike wrung his hand. The matter  
was settled then, only he had a vague idea  
that Mr. Garth much preferred he should  
take Rachel. He proposed to have all the  
good things of this life, brightness, youth  
and beauty, since they would be as well  
dowered. He had an idea then that he was  
actually in love with Lucy. He liked to  
yield to that peculiar and subtle way of  
hers, he liked to watch her deep eager eyes  
and see the smiles flit around her small  
scarlet mouth. He determined now to see  
as much of her as possible. Being wayward  
and rebellious did not in the least intimidate  
him, brave man that he was.

That any person in the full possession of  
his senses should prefer Lucy to Rachel  
never once entered Mr. Garth's mind. He  
had daily proofs of her worth and ability,  
and knew that she was her sister's superior  
in nearly every respect. He quite forgot  
that he had once fallen in love with a pretty  
face, while Miss Kip and several others  
whose sterling qualities were unquestionable  
stood by and sighed over the sacrifice.

So he said to Rachel that evening—  
"I have almost persuaded Thorndike to  
take an active interest in the mill. He or  
some one is very much needed."

"Yes," was Rachel's quiet, approving re-  
sponse.

"And I think he will," rubbing his hands  
in the light of the bliss, as if the idea af-  
forded him great satisfaction. "I think he  
will, and—Rachel."

Rachel glanced up when the pause be-  
came unusually long. Her father appeared  
to be studying her face intently.

"It is as good as settled, I may say. He

spoke to me to-day. I shall be proud to  
give you to so worthy a young man."

Lucy, who sat quite out of range of these  
two, dawdled over some sewing that she  
hated, felt every new thing with a thrill of  
surprise. The fair face was scarlet, and she  
bent it still lower to hide her confusion,  
and perhaps a little indignation.

Rachel smiled complacently, that is her  
severe look relaxed a trifle, and a faint  
curve came to her usually straight thin  
lips. Somehow she felt very proud of this  
admirer. She, as well as Lucy, fancied that  
he was superior to the men they were in the  
habit of meeting.

Could it be possible that he had spoken?  
Lucy thought. What then was the expla-  
nation of his conduct towards her? Did he,  
like the others, consider her of small im-  
portance, to be toyed with and set aside as  
the whim or prudence dictated? Perhaps  
that was it—pudence. She gave her head  
an angry toss and ran the needle into her  
small white finger.

"He shall see," she whispered to herself,  
"he shall see I am not to be trifled with.  
A man would be base indeed to say such  
things to a woman and not mean anything!"

And then Lucy remembered the kiss with  
a sensation of shame. Surely it had not  
sprung from any boldness on her part, for  
she could not have guessed that he meant  
to take such a liberty. But she would be  
wary in future. If he married Rachel he  
must be therewith content. She did not  
propose to bestow any sisterly fondness upon  
Rachel's husband, no matter who he might  
be.

For several days Lucy nursed her indig-  
nation and kept it up at white heat. In the  
meanwhile Mr. Thorndike called and spent  
the evening. She sat in the kitchen with  
Hetty and darned stockings, listening with a  
very inattentive ear to the old woman's  
gossip.

"I always knew Rachel would marry  
well," was the starting point on which she  
rang the changes. "I've said a many time—  
don't you be in a hurry, Rachel. There's allers  
as good fish in the sea as is caught, and if  
you get a good husband you won't be sorry  
for waiting, and if he's a poor stick, you'll  
have years enough to live with him. And  
she'll get a good one! she deserves it, too!"

She did not know whether it was Hetty's  
barrage or the sound of that strong, in-  
spiring voice sending a reminder through  
chinks and crevices that soothed the angry  
blood within her. When the last stocking  
was finished she lighted her candle.

"You're not going to bed?" exclaimed  
Hetty in dim amazement.

"I am going to bed!" biting off the words  
in a savage fashion.

"Well, the dear bless us!" muttered Het-  
ty. "That child has an uncommon temper.  
Why don't she snap off one's head?"  
The child crawled into bed without study-  
ing her pretty face in the cracked mirror.  
What was golden hair or pearly cheek if  
there was no one to please with it—no one  
to admire?

Mr. Thorndike's next advent was on Sun-

day. And so when Rachel said—"Oh, Het-  
ty, I promised to send some of this custard  
over to old Mrs. Bowen, will you take it after  
supper?" Lucy offered to go immediately.

"She will be glad to have it, I know," re-  
turned Rachel, amused at the proposal.  
So Lucy went and stayed to tea, a heinous  
offense in her father's eyes, for which he  
called her to an account. Had she not been  
forbidden to do such a thing without per-  
mission?

"I dare say Rachel was obliged," was the  
answer in a dry, hard tone. "Perhaps it is  
not a bad thing for her and her lover to have  
a fair field."

Mr. Garth hardly understood this, and  
hesitated so long whether to resent it as in-  
sult or not that Lucy continued—  
"I am sure Mrs. Bowen needed a little  
company. You praise Rachel for visiting  
the poor and the sick, and why is not the  
deed as good when performed by me?"

"You would do better to speak more re-  
spectfully," he returned with a lofty air.

But Lucy was very miserable it must be  
confessed. Not that she was in love with  
Mr. Thorndike, though it stung her keenly  
to think that she had been trifled with, and  
then neglected. It seemed to her that she  
hated everybody. Her emotions varied as  
easily as her thoughts traversed space. A  
waft of hope could transport her to the  
highest state of satisfaction, and the next  
instant she could be plunged into the black-  
est despair.

The despair predominated for the next  
few days. She was capricious, idle, refrac-  
tory, and as great a torment to herself as to  
any one else. So one clear, cold morning  
she went out to do some errands and to walk  
off the nervous excitement that was next to  
fever.

Crossing a street she saw Mr. Thorndike  
at the end of the next square. The tall,  
full figure, with its brisk air was unmis-  
takable. Should she go on, or turn? One mo-  
ment she was wild to meet him, at the next  
ruled by the utmost disdain.

He settled her doubt, however, for he  
came striding towards her. She had an un-  
comfortable consciousness of looking shabby  
and envied the bright girl opposite who  
tripped along in ruffled skirts, velvet cloak,  
and dainty hat. If she only could dress like  
other people!

He had clasped the hands in their cheap  
worsted gloves, and peered through the  
filmy veil.

"I thought I was never to see you again,"  
he began vehemently.

"As if it would have made much differ-  
ence!"

There was a fine, cool sarcasm in her tone,  
and she would have withdrawn her hands.

"What do you mean?" he asked in dull  
amazement.

"What I said," and her laugh had a bitter,  
dainty flavor.

"Lucy, are you angry with me?"

His tone was so downright honest and  
earnest that she glanced upward involun-  
tarily.

"Yes."

"I have not seen you since that night,  
you know. I've been to the house twice."

"To see Rachel. I understand it, Mr.  
Thorndike. I am only seventeen, it is true,  
but I am not quite a child. I have some  
pride and some feeling, and a good deal of  
respect for myself, when you come to that!"

Her face flashed a lovely scarlet—he saw  
that through her veil, also the dark eyes  
that looked as if they might fill with tears  
the next instant, so tremulous were the lids.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing," and she turned away.

He turned with her. Obeying an odd im-  
pulse he drew her hand through his arm, so  
slightly indeed that she was compelled to  
keep step by the very power that he put into  
the movement.

"What is it all about, Lucy?" he began  
in a beseeching tone. "Why did you hide  
away when I came? You must have known  
that I wanted to see you."

"How could I know? Mr. Thorndike, this  
is ungentlemanly, nay worse, dishonest,  
when you have as good as asked my father—"

Lucy paused. Up to this point her indig-  
nation had been honest, but now she colored  
with a sense of shame. She knew that he  
liked her. This clasp of the arm, this  
warmth and tremor of the voice, and these  
eyes devouring her with troubled and ques-  
tioning looks, all told it. To go any farther  
would be like forcing him into an explana-  
tion.

"I had a slight talk with your father—"  
and a light seemed to dawn upon him, for  
the fresh face turned a deeper hue—"you  
can't mean—you haven't misunderstood—"

She held her breath. For which one did  
he care. It had gone too far to remain un-  
explained.

"It is Rachel," she said, "and you have  
no right to—please to let me go," she begged  
almost piteously, her eyes downcast and  
filled with strange tears.

"No, it isn't Rachel. You haven't much  
vanity, or penetration, I was going to say, or  
you would have guessed. Why, I love you!  
Zounds! a man must be a fool not to choose  
youth and beauty instead of—"

"But Rachel is good," she interposed,  
with a sudden twinge of remorse. "She  
will make a better wife than I, Mr. Thoro-  
ndike. She loves to work, and I don't; she  
understands housekeeping and cooking,  
which I hate. Then I'd always like to be  
dressed pretty—but I'm afraid it would  
cost a good deal; and she is content with a  
little."

"I want to see you look like a real  
beauty; I'm sure you can be as grand as  
any of them! I mean you to have silks, and  
diamonds, and all that; and if you like,  
I'll buy the Cunningham place. What  
made you think that I was in love with  
Rachel?"

A glimmering vision flashed before Lucy's  
eyes. Poor child, caught as easily as the  
most brilliant butterfly of them all!

"And you don't love her?"

She wanted to be sure. She was quite  
ready to crowd out Rachel, and take the  
good things of this life that had been dealt



so springily to her thus far. Now that the alluring bait was within reach, she could not let it slip through her fingers.

"He was delighted, taking the question as it contained by pleasure or jealousy, or perhaps love of his love. Clapping the small hand on her head, he said—

"Set your heart at rest, my darling. I don't love any one but you, and I've loved you since that first night when you came and looked your arms on the mantle, and your beautiful curls were like a shower of gold. As if I could have loved for—"

"Hush," she said, softly, touched by the tender flattery. "I believe with all her frivolity and coquetry, she would have been kinder towards Rachel than her sister to her, had the case been reversed.

"How generous you are!" he exclaimed in slow amazement. "Why you know they are handsome people are always selfish and vain; but, by Jove! you're enough better than some of them with their long faces and sanctimonious ways."

"But I'm not very good; I don't want you to believe that and be disappointed."

"I'm not afraid," was his confident reply.

Then they walked on in silence, neither heeding the direction of their steps.

"But you haven't said that you love me," he began, abruptly.

Did she love him? What was love? She had a curious feeling about it, a presentiment that if the matter was sifted to the finest grains of truth, it would be impossible for her to love this man beside her with a high and noble affection. It was more for what he could give her and the pleasure of being taken out of this miserable life, than any touch of earnest regard.

"I don't know," she said, hesitatingly. "It's so sudden and strange! And I have never thought how it would be. You are so much older—"

"But you won't mind the difference?" he asked, anxiously. "If he could only go back to six and twenty for her sake!"

"I do not believe that it is so much the years as the—love. Oh, you are sure that you will always be good to me, and not get tired when you find me vain and foolish and full of fault?"

"She wasn't like them you know, though she was good and sweet, and if any one had only cared for her, it might have been so different."

It was very easy to promise there, with her trembling lip and her slow and obtuse soul could no more take in the full and fine nature of her demands than it could have soared to the sun.

He was thinking that to give her a pretty house and elegant clothes, to pet and admire her continually, was love in its breadth and fulness.

"Yes, I will always be good to you; and you'll try to love me, won't you?" in a pleading tone.

"I'll try—and I'm sure that I shall succeed some time. It has only been a little while since we first met, you know?"

Her voice had such a soft, coaxing strain in it that it won him entirely.

"Would you like the Cunningham house?" with a little hesitation as if he was not quite sure of its being good enough.

"Oh, it would be lovely to go and live there! The grounds are so beautiful in summer, and such hosts of flowers! I love them so much."

"It can be bought for a mere song, cash down. Your father recommended it as a speculation. I think I'll look in some day—would you like to see it?"

She blushed vividly—and he, catching a glimpse of the scarlet, laughed.

"Why yes, it will be your house—so why shouldn't you see it?"

"I am afraid father will think it too—too expensive," she said, hesitatingly.

"Oh, I shall not ask him for anything, you know," in his common-place way. "He has only you two—and he said that if you married to suit him, you should have your share, and that he wouldn't object to me as a son-in-law. Rachel's name was never mentioned."

"And you thought of me even then?" she rejoined, clasping her arm with a sudden impulse of tenderness, her heart beating quicker at this proof of his regard.

Oh, Lucy, if you had known the mercenary depth of that first impulse, you would not have clung to him so eagerly!

He rather congratulated himself as being in luck all the way round.

"Yes. And about the house?"

"Oh, if it pleases you that will be enough," she made answer, bashfully.

He liked the manner in which she deferred to him, and he resolved that she should have whatever pleased her, as well.

"Oh, where are we going?" and Lucy stopped suddenly. "I was to do an errand for Rachel, the last of all—and I've rambled quite out of my way. It's almost noon."

"No matter, we will go back. And now I want to know why you hid yourself when I called? I expected to see you."

"I didn't hide. I've never been invited in the room when there was company, unless it was old ladies or a Dorcas."

"But you'll come now?"

That arrangement was difficult to make. When it came to the point, Lucy was afraid to take a decisive step. She was not sure that it was hardly safe to confess so soon, and then she had a young girl's foolish romance concerning the charms of secrets.

"Let me think about it," she begged; and finally he consented, provided that she reached the conclusion speedily.

He would have accompanied her home, but this she positively forbade. Dinner was nearly over, for Mr. Garth would not have waited for the queen. Rachel had marveled at her sister's prolonged absence, and now Mr. Garth had reached a very exact and exacting mood. Where had she been? Had she made any calls? Had she met any of those idle, trifling girls against whom her father had repeatedly warned her?

Lucy was thankful that no questions were asked that she could not answer with perfect truth. For the rest, she volunteered no information, and, when her father questioned her closely, took refuge in a rather haughty silence.

Rachel left her to herself and her thoughts. They were a chaotic mass indeed. Her mind seemed to change with every varying mood, and with her secret weighed upon her spirits. Had the older been kinder eyed, he would have found sufficient grounds for suspicion of some kind.

Matters were in this state on Sunday as the congregation clustered around the old church doors for an interchange of friendly or curious greeting. Mr. Thorndike was conspicuous among them. He bowed his way to Mr. Garth's vicinity, hardly thinking of the watchful eyes that were upon him. He shook hands very cordially with Rachel,

it must be confessed, while Lucy drew back in confusion, and turned a trifle pale. They all kept together until the groups thronged out upon the sidewalk.

"Lucy!" exclaimed her father posthumously.

Lucy felt back a step or two beside her. It was a pained moment in Rachel Garth's life. She knew that dozens of curious eyes were upon her, and she also had a consciousness that Mr. Thorndike was held in rather superior esteem. As she now, perhaps, as her father, in the very prime of life, and really fine looking—she cannot but have been somewhat marveled at well? So she held her head somewhat loftily, admiring the man who walked beside her, with a feeling that surprised herself.

He meanwhile bit his lip, thinking of the fair face and slender figure just behind, that he could not even see. Rachel's pliancy was wearysome, her very voice seemed harsh and cold contrasted with the other. Marry her, indeed!

He saw very little of Lucy, though he accepted the invitation to dine solely for that purpose. She was more than discreet, and Rachel bestowed upon her a grim smile that was absolutely approving. The little witch enjoyed this state of affairs as she saw the sharp frown come over her lover's brow, and the gnawing of the lip indicating displeasure.

"He does love me!" she thought exultingly.

Rachel spent but a very few moments in the kitchen. Lucy assisted Hettie as usual, washed her hands and gave her hair a little brush. Then she put on her hat and cloak, as the hour for Sunday-school was at hand.

She began to feel somewhat disappointed. A brief sentence or a clasp of the hand would have satisfied her, but that was quite impossible now! She must go away and let him think—what?

And then she thought herself that she must make a journey into his presence. Her father never allowed her any money beyond the present needs, so she had to go to him regularly for her small missionary stipend. She opened the door, but her father was at the opposite end of the room, perusing his religious paper. So she preferred her request in a whisper.

"Where are you going, Lu—Miss Garth?" Mr. Thorndike asked, coloring and correcting the familiarity.

"To Sunday-school," announced her father in a pompous manner.

"I think I'll walk down the street with you," he declared in a very deliberate fashion.

Lucy trembled in every limb, and half expected that her father would command her to stay at home. The frightened look rather won upon Rachel, who attributed it to surprise and humility. And then as he was to be her brother some day, the freedom was quite allowable.

"No, don't go, Thorndike," exclaimed Mr. Garth.

"Indeed I must. I wish to see a person particularly," said Mr. Thorndike.

"My friend," said Mr. Garth. "I hope soon to see you lay aside worldly cares on such a day as this."

"I don't know that it can justly be called a worldly care," Mr. Thorndike returned with a little laugh at his fancied cleverness. Lucy's face was scarlet. She drew her veil down hurriedly, opened the hall door, and was half way through the small courtyard before Mr. Thorndike had said his adieu.

He soon strode up to her, but her heart was beating fiercely.

"This won't do, you know," he began in his abrupt way. "I can't stand it, and I may as well ask your father at once. To be put off with her continually."

"O, if you do love me, be patient," Lucy exclaimed pathetically.

"A man likes to see a little of the woman he loves," was the grim reply.

"It will come right sometime," she pleaded. "Only wait until we are sure that we love each other!"

"I am sure now."

Her list of arguments had not reached its end. Somehow he could not resist her pretty entreaties. She begged for a week or a fortnight, and promised to think of him every moment, and he left her at the church door a good deal dissatisfied, but more in love than ever on account of the obstacles in his path, after the fashion of human nature.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Long Hair.

We have already told of that famous "switch" of human hair five feet four inches in length. There was, however, one more famous. It was exhibited at the London Exposition of 1851, belonging to Leon Pelleri, of Paris, and was about twenty-two inches in length. The story of this one that measured six feet, is rather romantic.

It came from the head of a Swabian peasant girl, who had two suitors for her hand—one a poor farm hand, who earned six kreutzers a day, and the other a rich miller. The miller owned the cottage in which the Swabian girl and her widowed mother lived, and being as selfish and unscrupulous as he was wealthy, threatened to drive his tenants out of their home unless his suit was successful, although they had already paid part of the price demanded for the cottage, and were saving and working to pay the remainder.

In this emergency, a traveling hair merchant appeared in the village, and soon after the miller, on the other hand, he had her aged mother driven from house and home, she determined upon the sacrifice of her beautiful hair. It was taken to the Leipzig annual fair, sold there for \$175 to an American dealer, and from his hands found its way to its present owners. It is valued at between \$250 and \$300.

WINKS.—The St. Albans (Vermont) Messenger says that "a Vermont Court has decided that a wink is not a legitimate acknowledgment or assent of an action. In other words that it—a wink—doesn't amount to a snap of a finger."

If this be true, what becomes of the old adage, that "a wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse?"

The Lynchburg, Virginia, papers indignantly deny that one of the preachers of that city called Congress a "set of infamous scoundrels," and state that what he did say was only that Congress was a "set of infamous scoundrels." Ah, that is very different—for, as everybody knows, the sap is the life of the tree.

A GRAMMARIAN'S THOUGHT.—What a contrast there sometimes is between the adjective and the adverb! Reflect, for example, on the wide difference that exists between the man who is constant in love, and the man who is constantly in love!

PUNCH.

## SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1876.

### TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of the London Standard. THE LADY'S FRIEND—In order that the paper may be made up of the paper and magazine together when no direct order is sent, it will be sent as a separate paper. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different. Subscribers in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to our order. If a draft cannot be had, send it direct payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Company, unless you pay their charge. Always be sure to name your Philadelphia, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 50 subscribers at \$2.00 apiece—or for 10 subscribers at \$50—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Sewing Machine. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays \$2.50, will get the Premium Sewing Machine. (List may be made up, conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.)

Sample of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 15 cents.

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,  
215 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscript they may send us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

### UNDER A BAN.

BY MISS DOUGLAS.

We commenced in THE POST of Feb. 5th, this new novel written for THE POST by that charming and talented writer, Miss Amanda M. Douglas.

The beginning of this new novel, which will run for about three months, is a capital time to begin subscriptions to THE POST, although we can supply back numbers when required to the first of the year.

### OUR LETTERS.

F. S., of Harbor Creek, Pennsylvania, writes:—

"We thought we would try and do without your paper this year, but having read it for the last twenty years, we find it has become a real necessity, and the house seems lonesome without it."

J. T. B., of Claquato, Washington Territory, writes:—

"Never stop the Post, even if you do not get the pay on the day our time expires, for my wife could not keep house without it. I would rather see the cooking-stove broken."

E. E. W., of Millersburg, Ohio, says:—

"Your paper is so good, I cannot do without it. Inclosed please find subscription for another year."

Mr. S. D. M., of Morris, Illinois, writes:—

"The Post has become one of the family; we do not know how to do without it."

Mrs. W. S., of Angelica, New York, writes:—

"It seems as though I were writing to an old friend, I have taken your paper so long a time. We have to go between four and five miles for our mail, but it is no trouble so we get the paper."

J. L. B., of Salem, North Carolina, when sending on a club of ten subscribers, says:—

"Whether owing to the old familiar name of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST or not, I found no difficulty in getting the inclosed club in an hour's time."

Now that the Union is, or should be, fully restored, we are glad to welcome back to our ranks our thousands of old friends in the South.

### AN OUTRAGE.

We wish to call the attention of Mr. Spinner, the Treasurer of the United States, to a great outrage that has been perpetrated upon him.

It is his portrait, we believe, that adorns one issue of the Fifty Cent currency—a round, broad face, with a bald head and a moustache. The object no doubt of placing such a face on the notes, was to frighten off all wrong-doers from either stealing or counterfeiting them. If such a face would not do this, there is no use of putting any face on with this praiseworthy object.

But some vile and unprincipled counterfeiter, undeterred by the ferocious appearance of Mr. Spinner's portrait, not only has not scrupled to counterfeit the notes in question, but—adding insult to injury, and to show that his conscience was seared beyond all fear or pity or remorse—has positively made Mr. Spinner tenfold uglier and more terrible than before.

This is the outrage to which we would call the attention of the honorable Treasurer.

To counterfeit is bad enough—but to add contempt and vilification to counterfeiting proves the perpetrator to be a wretch of no common dye. It manifests a want of due reverence for authority, which is a sad sign of the times. It is a libel upon Mr. Spinner's distinguished and impressive personal appearance, as displayed upon the notes in question to the gaze, veneration and wonder of an admiring world. Other counterfeiters may be tolerated, but let all the energies of the detective police of the government be employed to trace out the authors of this base and hideous caricature.

### EMERSON ON MANNERS.

We have held our pen suspended for some time, questioning whether we had better say something, or say nothing, relative to Mr. Emerson's recent lecture in the "Star Course," on "Social Life in America."

Is it compatible with hospitality and good manners, not to say fine manners, frankly to say your own relative to a distinguished stranger who visits your city to enlighten or entertain you, even though he make it a matter of business by charging you a certain amount of money for the pleasure of hearing him?

Our conclusion is that the money payment settles the question. You may not look the gift-horse in the mouth—but you may the horse you have purchased or have hired. Even an Arab, we suppose, would admit this. So we proceed.

Mr. Emerson's lecture was announced to be on "Social Life in America." But it had very little to do with social life in America. It was a lecture upon manners, on behaviour, in general. He had read the material portions, the finer portions of the lecture, in Mr. Emerson's first volume of Essays, at least twenty years ago. (My—how old we all are getting!) Portions of it, however, were new—with new old illustrative anecdotes—not new to well-read men (as all editors are supposed to be,) but new to the general audience.

Mr. Emerson's entrance was greeted with a faint round of applause, which was not very honorable to this goodly but unexcitable Quaker city. The audience should have known that in greeting the lecturer they were greeting one of the foremost men of this progressive time—one of the finest, clearest minds of this turbid age—and welcomed him accordingly. But they evidently did not know this—although Dr. Furness, in introducing the lecturer, told them as much, and more.

And we may turn aside here to say that the common practice of introducing lecturers to an audience with highly complimentary allusions to their mental ability or moral worth, is a custom that is contrary to good manners, and unpleasant to every person so introduced in proportion to the refinement of his nature. If Mr. Emerson is the man we take him to be, Dr. Furness's short but fulsome address must have been very distasteful to him. We do not blame Dr. Furness, because it is "the custom,"—we return our verdict as "innocent, and trust he will never do so again."

The views of Mr. Emerson on the value of graceful, noble, and refined manners—and what constitutes fine behavior—are admirable. They can be found in substance, as we have said, in his first volume of Essays, which volume contains the germs, if not the fulness, of all he has ever written; and which we advise the finer minds among our readers to purchase and read attentively. Common-minded people need not buy the book—it will be ineffectual as nectar to their usual tea and coffee, to say nothing of their whiskey and water.

Mr. Emerson may be a gentleman of very fine and graceful manners in private life—we do not know that he is not, we do not know that he is, the Boston Junos know doubtless—but in public, and as a lecturer on fine manners, he is the most awkward and graceless it has ever been our unhappy lot to sympathize with. Unfortunately the little stand upon which his manuscript was placed, exposed his whole ungraceful person; and it seemed besides to be rather too low; and there he stood beneath the pitiless gas light, half lolling on the little desk, leaning forward, shuffling his feet about, hesitating at times over his manuscript, a most convincing proof to all whom his words could not convince, of the value of a graceful manner.

No man knows better than Mr. Emerson the importance of standing upright on your feet—that this is the first great command to every superior man, STAND ON THY FEET! Why then does he not stand on his feet, physically and intellectually? No man ever gets into such a way of lolling and leaning, and standing weakly and feebly, except as a result of a similar mental weakness. It has been well said, that beneath what every man says he believes, and beneath what he thinks he believes, lies what he really does believe; and we will not insult Mr. Emerson by supposing that in his inmost soul he has any faith in the shallow philosophies now held so widely in New England. He may be a Girondist, but certainly he is not of the Mountain. The narrow and superficial theories of "eloquent" and "incorruptible" men of the ultra French types, meet certainly with but little respect in his heart of hearts. He cannot work in sincerity with those who in the sacred names of Religion and Philanthropy, are engaged in sowing dragons' teeth in the deep furrows left by the war. It takes about one generation on the average to ripen such seed into a crop of armed men. Ah, son of the Emir, is it not time to stand upon thy feet, and assert that all created things are made unequal, and that Rights are exactly proportioned to Capacity and Ability, not for the oppression and wrong of any, but for the elevation and good of all? In this world—and the next!

Mr. Emerson was in this lecture, as he always is, fragmentary. It is the peculiarity of his mind. He is always doing the mathematicians say cannot be done, squaring the circle. He evidently never conceives a circle as a circle—it is always an immense multiplicity of little squares. His discourses

are always polished in squares and angles like a diamond; and they shine with the diamond's prismatic refraction. There is always fragmentary—being, however, polished in one sense, but in a higher sense, than no fragmentary, middle or end. He never holds the ends of thoughts, and never to himself the ends of his own thoughts. He cuts off the present fragment when he has one over, and retired. He had not come to an end—he never could have come to an end, if he had spoken till he finished, from exhaustion.

If Mr. Emerson wishes you to behold a beautiful spiritual landscape, he will send a great many slits through which you can see the landscape cut up into slits—but not the whole or even half of it at a time. He cannot do otherwise, because he never sees the whole himself. Therefore, while he belongs to a very high order of mind, he does not belong to the first order. But America has never produced a mind of the first order. At the rate she is going on now, probably she never will. In literature it is the broad way, the wide view that leads to the heights—not the narrow way, the single eye. Bunyan is not quite equal to Shakespeare.

We must conclude. And yet we fear we have come short somewhat, and not conveyed our full sense of the merits of Mr. Emerson's performance. We need so much, in the foolish hurry and jostle of our American lives, to have the beauty of graceful and elegant manners held up before us, and to be shown in what they consist. Mr. Emerson does this with a rare and subtle power which is exquisite. He catches on the point of his silver pen the very aroma and blush of the finest courtesy. While you read or hear him, you think you will never speak rudely or harshly again—that you will always be, under all circumstances, calm and gentle and kindly and high-bred. But no one can be this in its perfection, in a hurrying, excited, tumultuous crowd. For the growth of the perfect gentleman, you must have an atmosphere of courtliness. We welcome warmly then such lectures as this, because they tend to promote the general growth of that true and genuine courtesy, which in its perfection is perhaps the consummate flower of life.

### GENUINE MONEY.

Opening a letter from one of our subscribers the other day, what should drop out but four gold dollars! Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen! None of your tattered "filthy lucre"—but the real, solid, shining, genuine article—which Uncle Sam regularly promises to pay on demand in every one of his greenbacks, and which he just as regularly refuses to do—repudiating his promises every day of the year, and every hour of the day.

J. K. B., we like a man who shows his respect for the editorial fraternity, and his regard for a good paper, by sending his best, and not his meanest money, in payment of his subscription.

### HELPSMATES.

A certain lady lecturer recently said in public—"She liked Bishop Simpson because he married people leaving out the word 'obey' in the obligation, and she advised all the young ladies to go to Bishop Simpson to be married."

Bishop Simpson probably knows that such promises amount to little now-a-days, and thinks it better that people should not solemnly promise even to do right, than make such promises and break them.

By the way, we wonder who sews on the shirt buttons of those gentlemen whose wives are continually gallivanting around the country, making speeches and attending Conventions?

Or, are the husbands very well satisfied to get rid of these accomplished ladies—knowing, as the Mormon preacher declared, that "men is scarce, but women is plenty?" Perhaps.

A new thing for brides is a plain gold bracelet, which fastens with a lock and key, and which the husband places on her arm at the altar, locking it and placing the key on his watch chain. The bracelet cannot be removed without the husband's assistance, and thus both are constantly reminded of each other. This is the new test to see whether the bride is one of the strong-minded. If she is she will refuse the bracelet. Unmarried ladies, not strong-minded, will wear such bracelets, the keys to be handed over on their engagement day. Now the gentleman will be able to see who is who.

George Peabody was drafted and wounded in the war of 1812, for which he drew a pension from government until his death.

A ticklish position—standing upon trifles.

At a distance of eighteen thousand feet above the surface of the earth the air is expanded to double its original volume, and, as a consequence, the pressure is diminished to half its original amount.

It is an anomaly, perhaps, but when peace and quiet are restored in Cuba, the planters will begin to raise cane.

Men and women of brains rarely think it worth while to go into the show business, either for the benefit of tailors, dressmakers, or jewellers.

No cards, no cake, no company, nobody's business," is appended to the marriage notice of a young gentleman in Kansas City, Mo.

A genius remarked the other day, with a grave face, that however prudent and virtuous young widows might be, he had seen many a gay young widow—err.

A contemporary of ours protests most earnestly that he is always as good as his word. He doubts he is, but his word is good for nothing.—Freeside.

The Wyoming girl can vote at eight, but the Wyoming boys must wait until they are twenty-one, like the rest of us.







## THE COMING YEAR.

We announce the following Novels as already engaged for the present year:—

## Under a Bar.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Dainty Fortune," &c., &c.

## Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castelli," &c.

## Bessy Kane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

## A Novelist.

By MRS. MARGARET HORMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reef," &c.

## Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Felling," &c.

Besides our Novels by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hormer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in stories, sketches, &c.,

## The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. It was engraved in England, at a cost of \$2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full (\$3.50) subscriber, paying in advance, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

## Stick to your Bush.

Mr. Morgan was a rich and also a good man. The people of the town respected him, sent him to Parliament, and seldom undertook anything without asking his advice. If a school-house was to be built, the plan had to be talked over with him. Widow P.—asked him what she should plant in her field; Farmer S.—always got his advice in buying cattle; and Mrs. R.—consulted him about bringing up her boys.

When asked how he was successful, Mr. Morgan said: "I will tell you how it was. One day, when I was a lad, a party of boys and girls were going to a distant pasture to pick whortleberries. I wanted to go with them, but was fearful that my father would not let me. When I told him what was going on, and he at once gave me permission to go with them, I could hardly contain myself with joy, and rushed into the kitchen and got a big basket, and asked mother for a luncheon. I had the basket on my arm, and was just going out the gate, when my father called me back. He took hold of my hand and said, in a very gentle voice: 'Joseph, what are you going for, to pick berries or to play?' 'To pick berries,' I replied. 'Then, Joseph, I want to tell you one thing. It is this: when you find a pretty good bush, do not leave it to find a better one. The other boys and girls will run about, picking a little here and a little there, wasting a great deal of time, and not getting many berries. If you do as they do, you will come home with an empty basket. If you want berries, stick to your bush.'"

"I went with the party, and we had a capital time. But it was just as my father said. No sooner had one found a good bush than he called all the rest, and they left their several places and ran off to the new found treasure. Not content more than a minute or two in one place, they rambled over the whole pasture, got very tired, and at night had very few berries. My father's words kept running in my ears, and I stuck to my bush. When I had done with one I found another, and finished that; then I took another. When night came I had a large basketful of nice berries, more than all the others put together, and was not half so tired as they were. I went home happy. But when I entered I found my father had been taken ill. He looked at my basketful of ripe, black berries, and said: 'Well done, Joseph. Was it not just as I told you? Always stick to your bush.'"

"He died a few days after, and I had to make my own way in the world as best I could. But my father's words sank deep into my mind, and I never forgot the experience of the whortleberry party; I stuck to my bush. When I had a fair place, and was doing tolerably well, I did not leave it and spend weeks and months in finding one a little better. When other young men said: 'Come with us, and we will make a fortune in a few weeks,' I shook my head and stuck to my bush. Presently my employers offered to take me into business with them. I stayed with the old house until the principal died, and then I had everything I wanted. The habit of sticking to my business had people to trust me, and gave me a character. I care all I have and am to this motto: 'Stick to your bush.'—*Bural New Yorker*.

## EXCELSIOR! AND TOPSIDE GALAH!

BY LONGFELLOW AND LONGERFELLOW.

[Our readers are doubtless familiar with Longfellow's poem "Excelsior," but "Topside Galah" will be new to them. That the points of the latter may be brought out in full relief, we publish in alternate verses.]

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

That night-time time begin chop-chop,  
One young man walks, no can chop—  
Makkee color! makkee color!  
He carry the flag wid chop so nice,  
Topside Galah!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath  
Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver claron rang  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Excelsior!

He too muchee sorrow, one plecter eye  
Look see sharp—so—all same me; y;  
He talkee larges, talkee stings;  
Too muchee curio—all same gong—  
Topside Galah!

In happy homes he saw the light,  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;  
Above, the spectral gladders shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
Excelsior!

Inside my house he can see light,  
And every room got fire all lit;  
He look see plecter ice more high,  
Inside he mouth he plecter eye,  
Topside Galah!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said,  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"  
And loud that clarion voice replied,  
Excelsior!

Olo man talkee, "No can walk!—  
Bimeby rain come—werry dark,  
Hab got water, werry wide!"  
Makkee! my must go topside—  
Topside Galah!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!  
Beware the awful avalanche!"  
This was the peasant's last good-night,  
A voice replied, far up the light,  
Excelsior!

"Man-man," one girl talkee he;  
"What for you go topside, look see?"  
And one more time he plenty cry,  
But all time wakkee plecter high,  
Topside Galah!

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of St. Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
Excelsior!

"Take care that spollen-tree, young man!  
Take care that ice, he won't, man-man!"  
That colle chin-chin he good-night,  
He talkee, "My can go all lit!"  
Topside Galah!

A traveller, by a faithful hound,  
Half buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

Jose Pidgin man, he soon begin  
Mornin time that Jose chin-chin,  
He no man can see—he plecter fear,  
Cause some man—he can hear  
Topside Galah!

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
And from the sky serene and far,  
A voice fell like a falling star,  
Excelsior!

That young man die—one large dog see  
Too muchee bobbey find he;  
He hand blong colle—all same ice,  
Have got flag with chop so nice,  
Topside Galah!

## GEORGE CANTEBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

A FLOOD OF GOLDEN SUNLIGHT.

Sitting alone together in the evening twilight, Mrs. Dawkes explained the embarrassment to Thomas Kage, who had answered her summons speedily. Years ago—he remembered it well, and so did she—he had bid her send for him, if in need of counsel, at any hour of the day or night. That is, she explained the embarrassment as far as she was cognizant of it; and then preferred the request—that Mr. Kage would advance some twelve thousand pounds of Tom's money to her husband.

"Major Dawkes has been prompting you to ask this," was the barrister's answer.

"He pressed me to ask it to-day; I refused to do so at first, and it caused an unpleasant scene between us," she said, her cheek reddening with the remembrance. "But when he explained the frightful position we are in—that break in here and seize upon our things, and leave the house empty, of course it startled me into feeling that something must be done to prevent it. The Major says they'll bring vans to take the furniture away, and pitch beds, and such-like, out of the window into the street. Only think the uproar the neighborhood would be in, seeing that."

"Caroline," rejoined Mr. Kage in a low tone, "when I finally decided to act as the child's trustee—and you know I at first wished to decline it—one reason for my doing so was, that I might identify myself with, and protect, his interests. I informed you that I should never, under any inducement, be prevailed upon to advance you, or any future husband you might take, or any other person whatsoever, any portion of the money. You must remember this!"

"Certainly, I remember it; it is not so long ago."

"Then, remembering this, how can you prefer such a request as the present? I have forgotten that a man, with your husband's extravagant habits, would probably become embarrassed, and—"

"Did you?" interrupted Caroline, in great surprise. "I'm sure he has had enough to spend. But this trouble is not caused by the Major's own debts; they are liabilities he has entered into for a brother-officer."

Mr. Kage looked at her. "Did Major Dawkes tell you this?"

"She knew her cousin well, every turn of his countenance and voice."

"I prefer not to discuss the matter with you, Caroline."

"Whatever way it may be, however contracted, the debts are not the least real," she continued; "and nothing but the scandal likely to arise in our home would have induced me to apply to you for a loan to him of Tom's money. Will you let him have it?"

"No. And I am sorry that Major Dawkes should have suggested this to you. He had already had a decisive negative from me."

"Has he asked you before?"

"Yes. Several weeks ago."

"Oh, indeed," she uttered in a tone of pique; pique against her husband. "He might have had the grace to consult me first, considering whose money it is."

Mr. Kage had thought so at the time. He made no remark.

"You will advance it now, Thomas, for my sake."

"I would do a great deal for your sake, Caroline; but not this. I will not be a false trustee, or part with my own integrity."

Some thought, some recollection, came over Mrs. Dawkes, and she betrayed for a moment vivid emotion. Thomas Kage took up a book that lay on the table and turned over its leaves. He would not so much as glance at her.

"What am I to do, if people do come in here and take the furniture?"

"Go to the Rock, Caroline; that is my advice to you. Go at once, and leave the Major to fight out the battle with his creditors!"

"They cannot come into the Rock!" she exclaimed in sudden apprehension.

"Most certainly not. The Major's liabilities could no more touch that, or anything it contains, than mine could. It is yours for use until your boy shall be of age; after that, his absolutely."

"But would not the seizing these things be like a lasting disgrace?"

"It is a disgrace occurring every day in families higher in position than yours, and it is thought little of. But in this case, Caroline, no disgrace will be reflected on you. You are shielded from it by your own position. It is a peculiar one. You have your large fortune; you are in possession of the Rock. The Major's embarrassments cannot touch you; they are his own exclusively, and people regard them as such."

"I regard!" she interrupted, quickly taking up the word. "Are they already known?"

"Somewhat of them, I fancy. But I ought to have said 'will regard,' for I was thinking of the contingency we have been speaking of. If these things must go, let them go, Caroline; it may serve as a warning to the Major to be prudent in future."

"Thomas, you know that all the things are mine. They were bought with my money."

"They were purchased in his name, and the law can take them."

"That's a great shame. The law must know they really belong to me."

"There was no marriage settlement, you see, Caroline."

"Well, well, I know how stupid that was; no good going over it again."

"None in the world. I am sorry your husband should have troubled you with this."

"He said if he could not have the money he would shoot himself," said Mrs. Dawkes.

Mr. Kage's eyes twinkled with a merry expression.

"I remember, some years ago, when the Major was in want of money, he said he must have it; or drown himself. I don't think he had it; and he is alive yet. Tell him, Caroline, he will do well to forget that Tom has money. And do you go at once to the Rock, where the Major's grievances cannot disturb your peace."

"It has just come to what I anticipated; for I did not really expect you would advance him any," she observed with equanimity; "and I know you are right. But won't he be in a passion when I tell him."

"I will tell him myself, if you like," said Mr. Kage. "Indeed I would prefer to do so."

Mrs. Dawkes acquiesced, glad to have the matter taken out of her hands. And the next day the bewildered Major received a short decisive note, which convinced him all hope from that quarter was really over.

Many a time since has Thomas Kage asked himself the question, whether, if Major Dawkes had gone to him and revealed the whole truth of his peril, and pleaded to him for salvation, as a man just condemned sometimes pleads to the judge for his life—whether he might have been tempted to prove false to his trust, and save him. And he has always been thankful that the difficulty was not brought to him.

The next day he was to be enacted in the drama, was the illness of little Tom Canterbury. Not quite immediately did Mrs. Dawkes act on Mr. Kage's advice—to go to the Rock. She could not tear herself all at once from her fashionable friends; and she had a ready excuse in the fact that she was yet rather weak for travel. Just a few days she intended should elapse first. Before they were over, Tom was taken ill with a malady he had been attacked with before—inflammation of the chest. He was in great danger. Mrs. Dawkes hung over him, scarcely quitting his bedside; now giving way to hope, now to all the anguish of despair.

But see you not what a flood of golden sunlight this same dangerous illness opened on the Major? It could not be said, perhaps, that he positively prayed for the child to die; but the possible contingency lay on his heart continually in a kind of wild wish, never leaving it. To temporize much longer with those men whom he so terribly feared would not be in his power.

Mrs. Dawkes sat at the child's bedside, the purple-silk curtains drawn between him and the meridian sun. There appeared to be little doubt that he was dying. A wan white face it was, laid on the pillow, the blue eyes half closed, the fair hair falling around. One hand, stretched out on the counterpane, held the mother-of-pearl shell given him by Belle Amelley. It was open; and the vivid coloring of the angel's robes in the picture, bearing the child to heaven, shone brightly in a stray sunbeam that fell across the bed. It was strange the hold that this simple toy had taken—on either the picture it contained—or on the imagination of the boy, who was, in good truth, so susceptible.

He had been lying for some time without moving; his mother watching him, tears in her eyes, a dull pain in her aching heart, when the eyes fully opened, and some slight animation appeared in the still face.

"Let him have my money, mamma."

The words, suddenly breaking on the previous stillness, startled Mrs. Dawkes. She did not catch the thread of what he meant.

"Let who have your money, my darling?"

"Papa. Oh, let him have it! He'll not be angry with you then."

She understood now. His mind was running on that unhappy scene of a short while before, when Major Dawkes had struck him down, and terrified him with furious words. It had laid hold of his imagination for ill.

"We shall not want money in heaven, mamma."

"No, that we shall not."

"And heaven's better than the Rock."

"Much better," she said from the depths of her weary heart.

"I wish I was there," sighed the child. "See how good the angels are!"—with a movement of the hand towards her. "They take us up without any pain."

"Tom, my darling, don't talk of dying. It will break my heart."

But the boy did not seem to heed the words. He lay with his eyes wide open, as if looking for something in the distance, presently repeating again the burden of his song.

"I wish I was there! It is full of flowers and sunshine; and no one is cruel; Jesus will not let them be. Mamma, I wish I was there."

And Mrs. Dawkes bent her anguished brow on the pillow by his side. The wish sounded in her ears like an ominous provision.

In the afternoon Major Dawkes came up. Tom was worse then; lying almost without motion, and breathing with difficulty.

"There is no further hope; I am sure of it," moaned Mrs. Dawkes in her heartfelt anguish.

The Major felt entirely of the same opinion. He was looking at the small white face, when one of the servants appeared and imperceptibly beckoned him out. He was wanted down stairs.

"You did not say I was in?" uttered the Major, after closing the door on the sick room.

"The gentleman would not listen to me, sir. He walked straight in, when I answered the door, and sat down in the dining-room. He says he shall sit there till he sees you. It is Mr. Rose."

Major Dawkes nearly fainted. Mr. Rose was a lawyer, and one of those dangerous enemies he so dreaded. Go to him, he was obliged; and yet—he scarcely dared. He shrunk from the interview like the veriest coward.

"You are worse than a fool, Richard," foamed the Major. "If you cannot contrive to keep people out of my house that I don't want to see, you may quit my service."

"It's not possible to keep the door barred, sir, with visitors and doctors and other people coming to it perpetual," was all the answer Richard ventured to make.

The conference was a stormy one, though carried on in cautious tones, and within closed doors. Things had come to an extremity.

"Only a few days more; only a day or two!" implored Major Dawkes, wiping his forehead, which had turned cold and damp. "It is impossible that he can survive, and then I shall have thousands and thousands at command, and will amply recompense you. You have waited so long, you can surely accord me this little additional grace: I will pay the bill twice over for it, and twice to that."

"Upon one plea or another we have been put off from day to day and from week to week. This may be as false an excuse as the others have been."

"But it is not a false excuse; the child is lying upon his bed, dying. If Mrs. Dawkes were not with him, you might go up and see for yourself that it is so. Hark! That is the physician's step."

The physician it was; he had been upstairs, and was coming down again. Major Dawkes threw wide the door of the dining-room.

"Doctor, what hope is there? I fear but little."

not bring the dead to life. And now I am a free man again!"

He would not go into the death-chamber; he did not admire death-scenes personally; and it would be time enough to console with Mrs. Dawkes by-and-by. So he lay, indulging a charming vision of the golden paradise which had at length opened to him, which was partly imagination, partly a semi-dream.

The return of Richard disturbed him. He heard the latch-key turn in the door, and the man came up the stairs. Major Dawkes rose, put on his slippers, opened his door as in olden times, and greeted his servant.

"You have been round to the Doctor's, Richard?"

"Yes, sir. He'll be here in a minute or two."

"There was no necessity to disturb him, only that it may be more satisfactory to your mistress. The child is dead, I suppose."

"Dead, sir!—No. He has took a turn for the better."

"What?" gasped Major Dawkes.

"He seems to have took a turn, sir—and has rallied; and that's why my mistress sent for the Doctor."

"I—I—don't understand," cried the bewildered Major.

He really did not. So intense had been the conviction of the child's death, that his mind was unable at once to admit any different impression.

"When the Doctor was here the last thing, sir, he thought there might be a change in the night, for the better or the worse. If it was for the better, he was to be sent to, he said," explained Richard.

"And—it is for the better?"

"Oh, dear, yes, sir, happily. Judith says she's sure he will get over it now."

Major Dawkes withdrew into his room, and softly closed the door. He felt as though the death-blow, which was to have overtaken the child, had missed its aim, and fallen upon him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TWO PICTURES.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

An old farm-house, with meadows wide,  
And sweet with clover on each side;  
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out  
The door with woodbine wreathed about,  
And wishes his one thought all day:  
"Oh! if I could but fly away  
From this dull spot the world to see,  
How happy, happy, happy  
How happy I should be!"

Amidst the city's constant din,  
A man, who rounds the world has been,  
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,  
Is thinking, thinking all day long;  
"Oh! could I only tread once more  
The field-path to the farm-house door,  
The old, green meadows could I see,  
How happy, happy, happy  
How happy I should be!"

Large Families.

We propose to give here a notice of some of the most remarkable instances of numerous births which from time to time have been chronicled. It will appear almost incredible that so many as twenty children should have sprung from one mother, but among the cases enumerated here will be found some very much more remarkable in point of number. There is a singular instance of numerous births to be found in the *English Census Calendar*, where Colonel James Turner, in his defence, speaking of his wife says, "She sat down, being somewhat fat and weary, poor heart! I have had twenty-seven children by her, fifteen sons and twelve daughters." Some remarkable instances of this have been chronicled at different times in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

In the year 1736, we find a notice of the birth of the thirty-fifth child by one husband of a woman in Vere Street. In 1743, is recorded the death of Agnes Milbourne, aged 106, who had been the mother of thirty children. In 1738, we are told of a "Mr. Thomas Rogers, a change-broker, who had by his wife twenty-nine children, born and christened." On July 31st, 1781, it is mentioned that a man and woman at Kirton-le-Moore, in Cumberland, together with their thirty children, the youngest of whom was between two and three years old, walked to church to the christening of their thirty-first child. In the *Collectanea Topographica* is noticed the case of Thomas Greenhill, surgeon to the Duke of Norfolk, 1698, who petitioned the Earl Marshal, "that in consideration of your petitioner being the seventh son and thirty-ninth child of one father and mother, your grace would be pleased to signalise it by some particular remark or augmentation in his coat of arms, to transmit to posterity so uncommon a thing." It may be observed that the confirmation of the arms contains no reference to the fact.

A still more wonderful instance is given in the same work, of a weaver in Scotland, who had by one woman sixty-two children, of whom four daughters and forty-six sons lived to grow up. This account is given on the authority of several credible witnesses. In each of these cases it will be observed that the children were all borne of the same parents. Two other cases are recorded slightly different: one of a man who had eighty-seven children by two wives, of which sixty-nine were by the first, eighteen by the second; another, who had seventy-two children by two wives, one of whom was the mother of thirty-two children.

Perhaps still more wonderful are the cases on record of the number of children which have been borne at a single birth. It is stated in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1796, that in the commune of Verchocq, department of Pas-de-Calais, the wife of Pierre Francois Duismain had six children at a birth, three boys and three girls; they were all borne alive, but died soon after. Dismore Salviat, wife of Bartolomeo Francesco, a member of an old Florentine house, gave birth to fifty-two children in all, of whom never less than three were born at one time.

In Aubrey's *Natural History of Wiltshire* we find an account of an inscription at Wiltford Magna, to Thomas Benham and Edith his wife, who died in the year 1473 and 1469 respectively. Mrs. Benham had two children at one birth the first time, and after an interval of seven years she had as many as seven children at once. There is a tradition, which is recorded in the parish register, that all the seven children were brought together to the font of the church and were baptised.



## MEMOIRS.

BY E. R. LOWELL.

The bird I hear sing not from yonder elm;  
But the dawn ecstasy my childhood heard  
Is vocal in my mind, renewed by him,  
Happily made sweeter by the accumulated thrill  
That threads my undivided life and steals  
A pathos from the peace and grace between.  
I know not how it is with other men.  
When I feel grief, discharging myself;  
For me, once felt is so felt forevermore.  
The fleeting rapture of emotion's beam  
Has in it the best ferment of the wine.  
One spring I knew as never any since.  
All night the surge of the warm southwest  
Boomed intermittent through the shuddering  
slime.

And brought a morning from the Gulf drift,  
Omnipotent with sunshine, whose quick  
charm  
Startled with croonings the ruffled turf  
And wiled the bluebird to his whiff of song;  
One summer hour abides, what time I  
perched,  
Dappled with noonday, under shimmering  
leaves,  
And pulled the pulpy oxheart, while aloof  
An oriole clattered and the robins shrilled,  
Denouncing me as an alien and a thief;  
One morn of autumn lords it o'er the rest,  
When in the lane I watched the ash-leaves  
fall,  
Balancing softly earthward without wind  
Or twirling with director impulse down  
On those fallen yesterday, new hatched with  
frost.  
While I grew pensive with the pensive year:  
And once I learned how marvellous winter  
was,  
When past the fence rails, downy-gray with  
frost,  
I crushed adventurously o'er the spangled  
crust  
That made familiar fields seem far and  
strange  
As those stark wastes that whiten endlessly  
In ghastly solitude about the pole,  
And gleam relentless to the unsettling sun;  
Instant the candid chambers of my brain  
Were painted with those sovran images;  
And later visions seem but copies pale  
From those unfading frescoes of the past,  
Which I, young savage, in my age of flint,  
Gazed at, and dimly felt a power in me  
Parted from nature by the joy in her.  
That doubtfully revealed me to myself.  
Thenceforward I must stand outside the  
gate;  
And paradise was paradise no more,  
Known once and barred against satiety.  
—From "The Cathedral."

## UNDER FALSE COLORS.

BY LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER.

## CHAPTER I.

## MOISTENING THE FLAG.

A dreary, murky November day brooded over Southampton, and an impenetrable fog hung over sea and shore alike, penetrating the clothing, chilling the blood, and depressing the spirits of every unucky person who was so unfortunate as to come within the range of its influence. The passengers on the steamship America, from Bremen for New York via Southampton, found the brief period of their stay at the latter port almost unendurable; and whilst some paced the wet decks impatiently, others grumbled both loudly and deeply in the cabins, or shut themselves up in their state-rooms in sulky discomfort. Those who remained on deck had at least the amusement of watching for the steamboat which was to bring the Southampton passengers—a pastime which, however, being indefinitely prolonged, began to grow wearisome. It came at last—a wretched little vessel, rather smaller than the smallest of the noisy togs that puff and paddle on our American rivers—and the wet, sick, unsheltered passengers were gradually transferred to the deck of the ship.

Among those who appeared to have suffered most severely from the rocking of the miserable little steamboat was a young, fair-haired girl, apparently about seventeen years of age, who seemed almost insensible. She would have fallen had not one of her fellow-travellers, a lady evidently not much her senior, thrown her arm around her; thus aided, she managed to reach the steamer's deck and to totter down the staircase leading to the ladies' cabin. The active, busy steward at once bustled up to the two young girls:

"Your names, ladies, if you please. I will point out your state-rooms in a moment. Miss Marion Nugent—Miss Rhoda Steele? Miss Nugent, berth No. 20, state-room G—"

"Cannot I occupy the same state-room with this young lady?" interrupted the taller girl, who was still lending the support of her arm to sustain her half-fainting companion.

"Do not leave me, please," murmured the sufferer.

The steward threw a compassionate glance upon the pair, went away, and after a short consultation with the unseen powers, returned and said that the arrangement had been effected, and that they could take possession at once of their state-room, into which he proceeded to usher them. It was more spacious than such apartments usually are, and abounded with all those little conveniences for comfort and convenience for which the steamers of the North German Lloyd are justly famed. The invalid sank down on the soft-cushioned little sofa and gazed painfully for breath.

"For heaven's sake, get me some wine or some brandy!" exclaimed her companion.

"This poor thing seems very ill; and do tell the doctor to come here at once."

With a quick, energetic movement, as she spoke she unclasped the heavy waterproof cloak of the sufferer and threw it back, thus revealing a fair, pallid face, framed in loosened curls of silky golden hair. It was a face that must have looked singularly lovely when tinted with the rosy hues of health, so delicate were the features and so large and blue the half-closed eyes, but it was ghastly pale, and a livid, bluish tinge had settled around the small mouth, whose ruby hues had fled to give place to a sickly purple. The steward speedily returned with some brandy, the ball's-eye was thrown open, and the cold sea air and potent spirit soon asserted their restorative powers. She sat up, a more natural color overspread her countenance, and she murmured faintly a few words of thanks, while the kind-hearted steward hastened away again in search of the doctor.

"I am subject to these attacks," she said, faintly, to her companion when they were

Human credulity is almost boundless; but it has many excuses. A readiness to believe is absolutely cultivated by the same means by which we instill knowledge, and the marvels of Nature and science are so varied and wide that it is difficult for those who have illogical minds to know what to believe and what to discredit.

Mermaids and merman have from early ages been reckoned among the wonders of the sea. Poets have sung of their wondrous beauty and power, historians of the most irreproachable veracity have chronicled their appearance; writers of natural history have asserted most decidedly a belief in their existence, and even in the present day there are men of education and science who believe that if Nature has not produced a mermaid, she has been wanting in her duty, as not having completed the chain of vertebrate animals. It will not be thought surprising that the ideal of the poet differed considerably from that of the man of science.

Our illustration will enable our readers to appreciate this difference for themselves. On the one side is the mermaid of the poet's fancy, combing her long tresses with a shell; on the other side is a representation of an object which was exhibited some years ago as a mermaid, and which proved, of course,

on examination, to have been manufactured for the occasion.

There is an old story extant of the fishing-up of a merman on the Roman coast in 1187. This creature, who acted like a man in every respect but that of speech, was kept by the governor for six months, when we are left to infer that it died, but the chronicle says not.

In 1490, Holland was visited by a storm that carried away dykes and forced the sea into the meadows. Some market-women, it is said, crossing the water in a boat, saw a human head above the water. When they got nearer they found it was a mermaid floundering about in the mud. The women-fish made no resistance, but they speedily conquered that; and by kindly usage taught it to wear woman's clothing, to eat bread and milk, and to spin. She lived in the Town-house at Haarlem for sixteen years, with a woman attendant, but it was impossible to teach her to speak. "It made its reverences very devoutly when it passed a crucifix, and had some notion of a deity," Juan de Parlat reports. The latter part of the statement does not necessarily account for the former; we should rather attribute it to the same faculties that horses and dogs and most of the lower animals possess.

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it. I wished to be certain that I had put my letter of introduction in it. Ah! here it is, in quite safe. It would never do for me to lose that letter, for the lady with whom I am going to live so graciously has never seen me, and she might take me for an impostor were I to come without it. An English lady, who was her most intimate friend, engaged me for her. I wonder what New York is like!—very rough and wild, no doubt, and I am afraid I shall be much annoyed by the rattle-snakes. You are going to New York too, are you not?"

"I am."

"Have you friends there?"

"None."

"I wish I had some acquaintances among our fellow-passengers, but I do not know a single one. Do you?"

"No."

"You have not told me your name yet. Mine is Marion Nugent; and yours—"

"Is not so pretty a one—Rhoda Steele."

There was something in the tone of these replies that recalled the invalid's disposition to talk, and she remained silent while her companion finished her arrangements and prepared to take possession of her berth. It was time that she did so. The threatened gale was by this time blowing in earnest, and the ship was commencing to roll fearfully; so, after securing all the boxes and bags as well as possible, and hanging up all the scattered garments, she made a hasty retreat to her couch, and lay there only half undressed, but utterly prostrate, and so unable to touch the tea and biscuits brought by the attentive stewardess as was her more delicate and suffering room-mate.

Time passed on: the daylight faded from the sky, a feeble, glimmering lamp shed its faint rays into the state-room, and the great steamship went steadily on, though rocked and tossed like a plaything by the whistling winds and angry sea. Then midnight came: the lights in the state-rooms were extinguished, and a profound silence reigned throughout the cabins, broken only by the ceaseless thrub of the mighty engines and the noisy clanking of the screw.

The state-room was wrapped in profound darkness when Rhoda Steele awoke with a start as from some troubled dream. Was she still dreaming, or did she indeed hear a strange choking sound proceeding from the lower berth? She sprang to the floor at once, heading neither the darkness nor the violent motion, and clinging to the side of the berth she called aloud. There was no answer: even the gurgling, choking sound she had at first heard had ceased. She put out her hand, and it encountered her companion's face. It was deathly cold, and the features quivered as if convulsed under her touch. Again she called aloud—still no answer; and then, thoroughly frightened, she caught up a cloak from the sofa, threw it around her, and opening the state-room door, she rushed into the cabin. It was almost deserted. The lamps swung heavily overhead, swayed by the unceasing rolling of the ship; a drowsy waiter slumbered at one of the tables, his head resting on his folded arms; and one or two sleepy passengers tried to maintain a recumbent posture on the broad sofas that lined the sides. The cries of the terrified girl soon brought several of the waiters to her assistance, and Captain Wessels himself, who had not retired to rest, owing to the stormy weather, came to ascertain the cause of the unusual disturbance. Her story was quickly told: lights were brought, and the captain accompanied her back to the state-room.

It was a pitiful sight that met their eyes. The young girl lay motionless in her berth, her face tinged with a livid bluish hue, her eyes closed, and her small hands clenched as if in agony.

"The doctor!—run for the doctor!" was the instant and universal exclamation. The doctor came. One look at the pallid face, one touch on the slender wrist, and he turned with a grave face to the bystanders.

"There is nothing to be done," he said. "She is dead. I feared some such catastrophe when I saw her last evening. She was in the last stages of heart disease."

tractability, imitation, and habit. We infer from the fact of the animal, whatever it was, receiving Christian burial, that the magistrate of Haarlem who owned it had it baptized.

A singular story is told by Captain Richard Whitbourne, of Exmouth, in Devonshire, of the appearance of a mermaid in the harbor of St. John's, in the year 1610. From the description he gives of it, he must have been favored with a sight of a very near approach to the poet's ideal; around the head he thought he saw many blue streaks resembling hair; fear, however, prevented his examining it more minutely, for on seeing it approach him swiftly, he fled with precipitation. Subsequently, it "went to a boat wherein the captain's servant was with several others, and put its hands upon the side of the boat, much to the terror of the men, one of whom struck it a blow on the head, which caused it to loose its hold; it afterwards swam to other boats, the men in which fled ashore and watched it from there."

The latest mermaid known was that exhibited by Barnum, a few years ago, and was a singularly ugly object. It proved, on examination, to be an ingenious combination of the head of a monkey with the tail of a fish.

"And who was she?—what was her name?" asked kind-hearted Captain Wessels, looking down with pitying eyes at the fair, pale face.

"The steward brought his list."

"Berth No. 20," he read—"Miss Rhoda Steele."

"And this young lady?" continued the captain, turning to the other occupant of the state-room, who had sunk back as if exhausted on the sofa, still enveloped in the shrouding folds of her large waterproof cloak.

She raised her head. The answer came after a moment's hesitation—came with a strange, defiant ring in its tone:

"My name is Marion Nugent."

## CHAPTER II.

## UNDER FULL SAIL.

More than a year has passed away since the events narrated in our first chapter took place, and the curtain now rises on a far different scene—a dinner-party in one of the most splendid of the gorgeous mansions on Madison avenue, New York.

Mrs. Walton Rutherford, the giver of the entertainment in question, was a member of a class unhappily now fast dying out of New York society—one of those ladies of high social position and ancient lineage who adorn the station which they occupy as much by their virtues as by their social talents. A high-minded, pure-souled matron, a devoted wife and mother, as well as a queen of society, inheriting the noble qualities of her Revolutionary forefathers as well as their great estates—such was the lady who presided over the brilliant festivity we are about to describe. She had been left for many years a widow, and her surviving children—two sons, Clement and Horace—were both of mature age! Horace, the younger, being just thirty years old, and Clement the elder, some seven years his senior. Mrs. Rutherford herself was a few years over sixty. A year or two before the period at which our story opens, a terrible misfortune had befallen her. Amaraucosis—that most insidious and unmanageable of diseases of the eye—had attacked her vision, and in a few months after it declared itself she was totally, hopelessly blind. But, although debared by her infirmity from going into society, she still received her friends in her own home; and her evening receptions and elegant dinners were always cited as being among the most agreeable and successful entertainments of the season.

Another sorrow had recently come to trouble the calm of her honored and tranquil existence—the marriage of her eldest son, Clement Rutherford, unlike any other member of the family, was a cold, reserved man, unpleasant in temper and disagreeable in manner. When he was still quite a boy, his mother's only sister, Miss Myra Van Vleyden, had died, and had bequeathed to him the large fortune which she had inherited conjointly with Mrs. Rutherford from her father, the two sisters being the only children of Schuyler Van Vleyden. She was a spoiled, morose old maid, and probably saw some congeniality of disposition in her oldest nephew which caused her to single him out as her heir. After he attained to years of manhood, he always manifested a decided antipathy to ladies' society, and was generally looked upon as a confirmed old bachelor; so that when he announced to Mrs. Rutherford the fact of his engagement to Miss Archer's pretty governess, Miss Nugent, her distress of mind was fully equalled by her astonishment. The match met with her strongest disapproval, as was to have been expected; for it was hardly probable that she, the oldest surviving representative of the old Knickerbocker family the Van Vleydens, an acknowledged leader of society by the triple right of wealth, birth and intellect, should be inclined to welcome very warmly as a daughter-in-law the penniless beauty who had been occupied for some months past in teaching Mrs. Archer's little daughter the rudiments of French and music. Moreover, the investigations and inquiries respecting the young lady's origin which she

had at once caused to be instituted on hearing of her son's engagement, had revealed a state of affairs which had placed Miss Nugent in a very unfavorable light. Her parents were well born, though poor. She was the daughter of a cousin in the North of England, who had lost his young wife by heart disease when Marion was but a few months old, and two years later Mr. Nugent died of consumption, leaving his little daughter to the care of his unmarried and elderly brother, the Reverend Walter Nugent, who, though the living he held was but a small one, contrived to rear and educate his niece as his own child. He had only allowed her to leave him and become a governess on the assurance of the village physician that her health was seriously impaired, and that a sea voyage and complete change of scene would prove the best and surest of restoratives. But the paired though manly tone of the letter in which he replied to Mrs. Rutherford's inquiries had preannounced that warm-hearted, high-minded lady most strongly against her future daughter-in-law.

"I loved Marion always as though she were my own child," wrote Mr. Nugent, "and I cannot but look upon her total neglect of me since her arrival in America as being wholly unaccountable. She has never even written me one line since her departure—and I learned of her safe arrival only by the newspaper. I can but infer from her obstinate and persistent silence that she wishes to cover all ties between herself and me, and I have resigned myself to the prospect of a lonely and cheerless old age. I trust that she may be happy in the brilliant marriage which, you say, she is about to make, and I can assure her that her old uncle will never disturb her in her new prosperity."

Mrs. Rutherford had one long, stormy interview with her eldest son, and learning therein that his determination to marry Miss Nugent was fixed and unalterable, she had with commendable wisdom accepted the situation, and resolved to do as she thought best of herself and her relatives as to give the conditions would no room for them contentious play and constant quarrels which an open rupture between herself and her son would doubtless have occasioned.

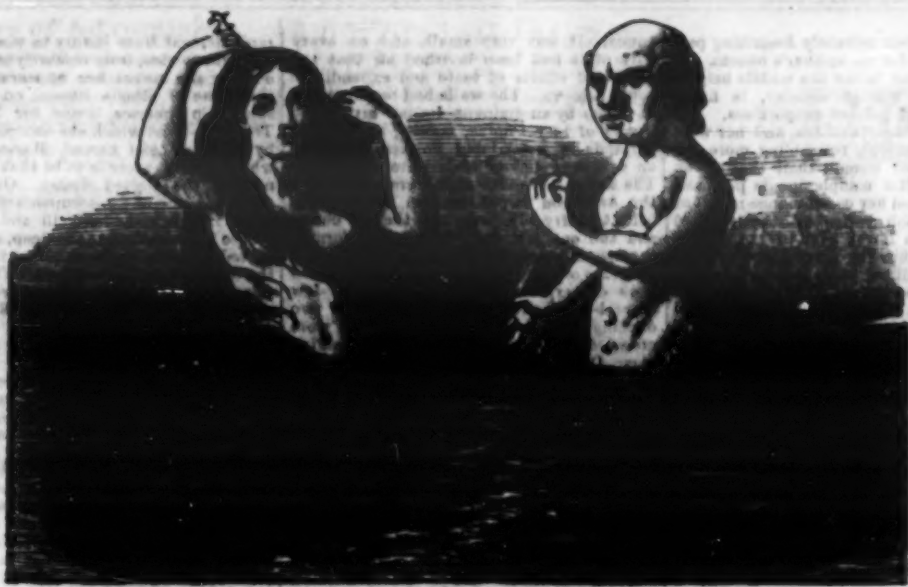
The manner of the wedding had been in this wise:—John Archer, a clever, shrewd gentleman of great wealth, was Clement Rutherford's most intimate friend, and, naturally, when the Archers moved into their new and splendid villa at Newport, Clement was invited to spend a few weeks with them—an invitation which he readily accepted. A few days after his arrival, Mrs. Archer, who was a pretty, lively little coquette, not in the least softened by some thirteen years of married life, offered to drive him out in her little phaeton. "John has just given me a new pair of ponies," she said—"such perfect beauties and so gentle that I long to drive to town." So the pretty, sprightly equipage, with its fair driver and faithful appointments, made its first appearance on the avenue that afternoon, and also, I am sorry to say, its last; for the "ponies" becoming moribund, expired to consolation by the number of spirited steeds around them, became ambitious of distinction, and caught far and decidedly obtained it by running away, thereby overturning the phaeton, breaking the harness, bruising Mrs. Archer severely, and dislocating Mr. Rutherford's ankle.

Mrs. Archer was as well as ever in a few days, but the injuries received by her guest proved sufficiently serious to compel him to maintain a recumbent position for a long time, and prevented him from walking for several weeks. She made every arrangement possible for his comfort, and she had a charming little reception-room on the ground floor, adjoining the library, fitted up as a bed-chamber, and installed him there; so that as soon as he was able to quit his bed for a sofa, he could be wheeled into the latter apartment, and there enjoy the distractions of literature and society. For a few days after he made his first appearance there his lovely hostess was all attention and devotion; but, finding that he was anything but an agreeable or impressionable companion, she soon wearied of his society. Mr. Archer, shortly after the accident had taken place, had been summoned from home by important business connected with some mining property which he possessed, and which necessitated his presence in the interior of Pennsylvania; so Mrs. Archer, thus left with the entertainment of her most ungrateful guest exclusively confided to her care, came speedily to the conclusion that he was a nuisance, and began to look about for a substitute to relieve her from her unwelcome duties. She decided that her pretty governess, who spoke French so well, and sang little French chansons so sweetly, and got herself up in such a charming manner, giving so much "chic" and style even to the simplest of toilettes, was just the person to take upon herself the task of amusing the uninteresting invalid.

"Do look after Mr. Rutherford a little, there's a dear, good creature," whispered Mrs. Archer confidentially to Miss Nugent. "He is dreadfully tiresome, to be sure, but John thinks the world of him, you know, and it would not exactly do to leave him alone all the time. I wish him to receive every attention while he is in the house, of course; but as for sitting for hours at a time with him in that stuffy little library—just in the height of the season, too—why, I cannot think of doing it. If you will just go and sit with him sometimes, and read to him a little, it will be an absolute charity to me. I'll see that Alice and Emily do not get into any mischief."

Which, considering that the young ladies in question were, one twelve, the other ten years of age, and both much addicted to flirtation and dancing the "German," was rather a rash promise and inconsiderately made.

So Miss Nugent was definitely installed as reader and *garde molaie* in general, and Clement Rutherford soon learned to await her coming with impatience and to welcome her with delight. All his life long will he remember those summer days, when her voice and the low plash of the far-off ocean waves were themselves together into music as she read, and when the blue splendor of her lustrous eyes lent a new meaning to the poet's story as it flowed in melodious verses from her lips. Then came a day when the book was laid aside, and the impassioned utterance of poetry gave place to the more prosaic but not less fervent accents of a newly-awakened passion. Cold, silent, and morose as Clement Rutherford had always been, it had so happened that but few women had ever attempted to attract him, notwithstanding his wealth and social position; and the interested motives of those few had been so apparent that he had been repelled and disgusted, instead of being fascinated,



THE FAIRER MERMAID AND A FORTUNED MERMAN.











## WIT AND HUMOR.

## An Unhappy Feast.

While Tomlinson, who lives in the West-end Ward, was about to New York his friends, by a great rash, elected him to the Board of Aldermen. His constituency was composed of the "adopted"—a tender name—and when they came round to Tomlinson's home on the evening of the election, they were disappointed to find the house darkened and no provision made to receive them. They waited with the belief that he was a "mean" man, and not worthy of their votes. He turned home on Friday morning, and it was given out among his constituents that the spread would take place that evening. It was important to him, who had large expectations, that they should be made happy, and as much of the elements of happiness as he could obtain he had prepared for the occasion. There were beef, and mutton, and tongue, and ham, and omelette, and cold—just as Tomlinson was a strict temperance man—he provided none of the patriotic and moral inspiration, so potent on such occasions, known as whiskey, supplying instead lemonade and coffee. Up came the multitude, with a banner, headed by a drum and fife, and filed into Tomlinson's dining-room.

"Gentlemen," said Tomlinson, "I was sorry that I could not have been here to take part with you in the work of the election, but you did the work well, and, with simply thanking you for the honor you have conferred upon me, I invite you cordially to fall in."

There was a faint cheer, and the drum in the corner gave a spasmodic roll, but to Tomlinson's surprise, not a hand was extended to touch his viands, while a blank look settled over the faces of his constituents. He could not interpret it.

"What's the matter, gentlemen?—doesn't the entertainment suit you?"

There was no reply for an instant, when a voice in the background said:

"Who, by the holy St. Patrick, ever heard trading Christian voters on mate o' Friday, and not a bit o' whiskey?"

Tomlinson saw his mistake, and attempted an apology, but it was doubtfully received, and the party marched away with the impression that they had been sold. He despised of his election another year.—*American Union.*

## A Good Story of Lewis Case.

Captain A., of Missouri, is known all the way on the Mississippi river from New Orleans to Dubuque, as a big-hearted, jovial fellow, who does not stand on the ceremony of an introduction before commencing an acquaintance. The captain is fond of a drink, and moreover does not like to drink alone. It so happened that business called him to Washington, and he had as a companion a stout, thick-set man, well up in years, who wore a wig, and who represented a striking resemblance to the late Lewis Case. To beguile the tedium of the voyage, they drank together and chatted together.

Captain A., one evening after his arrival, thought he could his companion in the dimly crowded office of Brown's Hotel, and stepping up to him, he briskly slapped him on the back, and remarked, "Come, old fellow, let's take a drink."

"You mistake your man," replied the other, with great gravity. "My name is Case, Senator Case, from Michigan."

The captain, it is hardly necessary to say, was greatly disconcerted, and slunk away.

In the course of the evening, however, he was certain that he spied his man, and rushing up to him, he broke out with great glee, "Well, I've found you at last. He! he! he! Capital joke to tell you. Don't you think, met old Case, and took him for you. He! he! he! Clapped the old fellow on the back, he! he! he! and says I come let's take a drink, he! he! he! and when he told me I mistook my man, thunder and lightning! didn't I sleep, he! he! he!" The captain observed, however, that his companion did not appear to appreciate the joke, but for a time preserved a rigid countenance, and then broke in upon him, "I, sir, am Lewis Case, as I told you before, and I cannot allow you to indulge further in these familiarities."

The captain made no further attempt to hunt up his former companion. He is yet hale and jovial, but he is not fond of boasting how he made the acquaintance of the late distinguished Senator from Michigan.

## How to Spell "Tunkin."

A little girl in one of our primary schools having shown her teacher her slate with her spelling lesson printed upon it, asked the teacher how she should spell "tunkin."

"Tunkin, you mean—do you not?" said the teacher.

"No; tunkin," said the little one.

"But there is no such word as that," said the teacher; "you must have misunderstood."

"I am sure I have heard it," said the child, and she began looking rather perturbed. Then she began to print briskly for a moment or two, and presently the slate was raised again. The teacher looked at it and read—"I love Miss W—more than—"

"Now," said little Nellie, "I want to write 'tunkin' tell.'" (tongue can tell.)—*Boston Transcript.*

A LIFE INSURANCE EXAMINATION.—A life insurance agent in Toledo had occasion to insure a man residing in Cleveland. The printed directions to be answered by the examining physician were duly forwarded, and Mr. A., who was desirous to have his life insured for the benefit of his wife, called upon a German physician to make the customary examination. Every thing went well until it came to "temperament," and here the doctor stuck. He said nothing, however, but in filling up the blank, instead of giving the temperament of the man, he wrote at the bottom of the sheet as follows:—"Mrs. A.—very bad temper, Mr. A.—much worse."

FRENCHMAN: "Madame, you charge ver much too big price for sat room."

Landlady: "Oh, you know we at the watering places must make hay while the sun shines."

FRENCHMAN, (indignant): "Madame, you shall never make so hay of me. You must not sink because all flesh is green, and you can make hay of me."

LETTERS.—Like fashionable young ladies—most have the stamps before the mails (males) will take them.



A SERIOUS MATTER.

FORD mother (finishing up a little bit of advice).—"And be sure, Edwin, whatever you do, never allow yourself to trifle with any young lady's affections."

## One Cent's Worth of Ink.

A clerk in the Interior has done and said one good thing. Contractors who bid for stationery in the departments have a trick of bidding very low upon all articles which do not come into general use, and very high upon the staples. This has the effect of making the average of the bids low, and at the same time affording a large profit. One of these contractors had marked blue ink, quarts, down on his schedule at one-eighth of a cent per dozen. A day or two since he was surprised at receiving an order for eight dozen. He hurried up to the department in person. The chief of division knew no great necessity for such a flood of blue ink, and the clerk ordering it was summoned to explain the sudden demand. He replied that nothing unusual had occurred to increase the call for blue ink, but that he had not thought it worth while to order less than a cent's worth.

A BLUEBEARD.—Everything has its ludicrous point of view, and funny incidents occur even on such grave occasions as funerals. A certain Bluebeard of this latitude, overcome by his responsibilities, fainted at the grave of his fourth spouse.

"What shall we do with him?" asked a perplexed friend of his.

"Let him alone," cried a waggyish bystander; "he'll soon re-verse!"

## The Green Spot.

The late Noah Winslow was fond of telling the following incident of his mercantile life, and he never closed the narration but with swimming eyes:—

During the financial crisis and crash of '07, when heavy men were sinking all around us, and banks were tottering, our house became alarmed in view of the condition of its own affairs.

The partners—three of us, of whom I was the senior—met in our private office for consultation. Our junior had made a careful inventory of everything—of his bills receivable and bills payable, and his report was, that twenty thousand dollars of ready money, to be held through the pressure, would save us. Without that we must go by the board—the result was inevitable. I went out upon the street, and among my friends, but in vain.

Two whole days I strove, and begged, and then returned to the counting-house in despair. I sat at my desk, expecting every moment to hear our junior sounding the terrible words, "our paper is protested!"—when a gentleman entered my department unannounced. I could not locate him, nor call him to mind any way.

"Mr. Winslow," he said, taking a seat at the end of my desk, "I hear you are in need of money."

The very face of the man inspired me with confidence, and I told him how I was situated. "Make your individual note, for one year, without interest, for twenty thousand dollars, and I will give you a check, payable in gold for that amount."

While I sat gazing upon him in speechless astonishment, he continued,

"You don't remember me; but I remember you. I remember when you were a member of the Superintendent School Committee of Bradford. I was a boy in the village school. My father was dead; my mother was poor; and I was but a shabbily clad child, though clean. When our class came out on examination day, you asked the questions. I fancied you would praise and pet the children of rich and fortunate parents, and pass me by."

"But it was not so, I thought. In the end you passed by all the others, and came to me. You laid your hand on my head, and told me I did very well; and then you told me I could do better still if I would try. You told me the way to honor and renown were open to all alike, no one had a free pass. All I had to do was to be resolved and push on. That, sir, was the turning point of my life. From that hour my soul has aspired, and I have never reached a great good without blessing you in my heart. I have prospered and am wealthy; and now I offer you but a poor return for the soul wealth you gave me in that by-gone time."

"I took the check," said Winslow, "and drew the gold; and our house was saved. And where, at the end of the year, he added, "do you suppose I found my note?"

"In possession," he said, with streaming eyes, "of my little orphaned grand-daughter! Oh, hearts like that man's are what bring earth and Heaven nearer together!"

THOMAS CARLYLE, having been asked by letter whether he had ever investigated the phenomena of modern spiritualism, replied as follows: "By volta, or except nervously, and by accident. I never did: nor have the least intention, of ever doing. T. C."

If your sister fell into a well, why couldn't you rescue her? It's well-y likely you couldn't, because you can't be a brother and a sister too.

## DON'T STAY LATE TO-NIGHT.

The hearth of home is beaming  
With rays of rosy light;  
And lovely eyes are gleaming,  
As fall the shades of night;  
And while my steps are leaving  
The circle pure and bright,  
A tender voice, half grieving,  
Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

The world in which thou movest  
Is busy, brave, and wide;  
The world of her thou lovest  
Is by the ingle side.  
She waits for thy warm greeting;  
Thy smile is her delight;  
Her gentle voice entreating,  
Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

The world is cold, inhuman,  
Will spurn thee in thy fall;  
The love of one poor woman  
Outrivals and shames them all.  
Thy children will cling round thee  
Let fate be dark or bright;  
At home no shaft will wound thee,  
Then, "Don't stay late to-night."

## Children.

Mrs. Stowe, in *Hearth and Home*, says: The direction about putting a child away alone to sleep, without rocking or soothing, is a good one only for robust and healthy children. For the delicate, nervous kind I have spoken of, it is cruel, and it is dangerous. We know one authentic instance of a mother who was trained to believe it her duty to put her infant to bed in a lonely chamber and leave it. Not daring to trust herself in the ordeal, she put on her bonnet, and, positively forbidding the servants to go near the child, went out for a walk. When she returned the child was still, and had been so for some time. She went up to examine. The child had struggled violently, thrown itself over on its face, a pillow had fallen over it, and it was dead from suffocation.

Nervous children suffer untold agonies from fear when put to bed alone. No tongue can tell the horrors of a lonely room to such children. A little, delicate boy, whom his parents were drilling to sleep alone, used to cry violently every night, and his father would come in and whip him. He mistook the pertinacity for obstinacy, and thought it his duty to conquer the child's will. One night he said: "Why do you always scream so when you know you shall be punished?" "O, father, father!" said the little fellow, "I don't mind your whipping me, if you'll only stay with me." That father's eyes were opened from that moment. He saw that a human being cannot be governed by dead rules, like a plant or an animal.

A GERMAN paper says that the simplest post-office in the world is to be found on the southern extremity of America. For some years past a small barrel has been fastened by an iron chain to the outermost rock of the mountains overlooking the Straits of Magellan, opposite Tierra del Fuego. It is opened by every ship which passes through the Straits, either to place letters in it or to take letters from it. This post-office, therefore, takes care of itself; it is confided to the protection of confederates, and there is no example of any breach of this trust having occurred. Each ship undertakes the voluntary transmission of the contents of the barrel if its voyage.

AGRICULTURAL.

MILKING.

Few people are aware of the great difference the mere process of milking makes in the yield of a dairy cow. Many imagine that they are good milkers when they are really very poor ones, so far as the ability to bring a cow to her largest possible yield. To understand how this difference can exist, it must be considered that a large proportion of what a cow gives at any particular milking, is actually secreted during the process of milking. The milk stored up in the milk reservoirs can be drawn by any tolerably skillful milker, but unless the cow and the milker are in sympathy, so to speak, unless the animal is content and satisfied with the milker and the circumstances, the secretion of new supplies during the process of milking will not take place. There is a close and intimate connection between the nervous and secretory systems, and this explains the fact that the cow will often "hold up her milk," as it is termed. It shows also that every milker should strive to be on good terms with the cow he is about to milk. If he is a perfect stranger to her, he should take time to gain her confidence and good-

will by handling her gently and petting her, or giving her something she is fond of to eat. We know a milker who can increase the flow of milk more than a quart a week by the mere difference in the mode of milking, and without the slightest change in the food of the animal, and that too notwithstanding the fact that her regular milker is quite as good as the average, and no doubt thinks he knows how to milk as well as anybody. It is not always fair to judge of the milking qualities of a cow without taking into consideration the question as to who milks her, and how this operation is performed. A poor milker will spoil the reputation of any cow.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

## Practical Suggestions.

—The rain that falls on the roof of a barn will water the cattle inside.

—A smart woman with dry wood and soft water close at hand has her work half done.

—Green wood cannot be burned. It is better to dry it by the heat of the summer sun, than in the stove.

—Neighborhoods should combine and buy together a good portable horse power, and then have their wood piles cut up with comfort and dispatch.

—Good house carpenters are very particular to have sharp tools. This is half the secret of their close work and popularity. Many farmers would accomplish more and easier by better tools.

—Farmers soon run down that sell all their hay. Mr. Mehl, the great English farmer, prefers that the products of his farm should go to market on the foot.

—A hog weighing less than two hundred and fifty pounds may be more conveniently caulked in a forty gallon cask filled half full of water, than in a tub.

—Those who house their carts and wagons in Robin Hood's barn—all out of doors—are often seen travelling to the blacksmith and wheelwright shop for repairs. The hubs of wheels are made of elm, which is a poor timber to bear exposure.

—Every farmer who has paths to make about his premises, or to the schoolhouse and store, should own a good snow plough. It is but little work to make one that, with a good horse before it, will do the work of twenty men.

—Wooden sleds are no longer economical. It will cost less to keep one shod with iron or steel, in the long run. They start easier with a load on, and move with less friction. Old elliptic spring leaves are used for light sled shoes.

—A harness kept well oiled is easier for the animal, is stronger, and don't wear out half as fast as one allowed to go year in and year out without care. Clean the harness with a sponge and castile soap. Apply the oil with an old paint brush. A long tin pan saves the drip.

—Every farmer should own for convenient pig killing a set of pulleys, and three pieces of spruce or pine scantling, about two by five, sixteen feet long, for shears. The scantling should be connected at the top by a bolt, put through a hole bored slanting in the outside pieces, and straight through the central one.

—You had better not keep stock than allow their manure to be wasted. It must not burn up and fire-fang in great heaps, nor be washed away by water draining it from the caves. The liquid portions must be absorbed by something, and the solid kept from heating and exposure.—*New England Farmer.*

## Greasing Wagons.

But few people are aware that they do wagons and carriages more injury by greasing too plentifully than in any other way. A well made wheel will endure common wear from ten to twenty years, if care is taken to use the right kind and proper amount of grease; but if this matter is not attended to, they will be used up in five or six years. Lard should never be used on a wagon, for it will penetrate the hub and work its way out around the tenons of the spokes, and spoil the wheel. Tallow is the best lubricator for wood axle-trees, and castor oil for iron.

Just grease enough should be applied to the spindle of a wagon to give it a light coating; this is better than more, for surplus will all work out at the ends, and be forced by the shoulder bands and nut washers into the hub around the outside of the boxes.

To oil an iron axle-tree, first wipe the spindle clean with a cloth with spirits of turpentine, and then apply a few drops of castor oil near the shoulder and end. One teaspoonful is sufficient for the whole.—*Rural American.*

## Blanketing Horses.

The Canada Farmer says:—The blanket should not be used upon a horse at all in winter, unless it is used faithfully. The trouble arises in this way: When a team has been driven a few miles to market, or the same distance for pleasure, blankets or robes are put on; but when driving legs to the saw mill or doing other heavy work, they are made to haul large loads a mile or two and return at a brisk trot, and then stand uncovered till another load is put on. In this way the horses are suddenly cooled off, and the succeeding day finds them sick and unable to labor for some time, if not ruined entirely. Blanketing at one time and omitting it at another is worse than affording no protection at all.

MILKING COWS.—It is common because convenient, in this country to milk cows but twice a day, morning and evening. But it is contended that more milk will be obtained by milking three times a day, as the French people do, or even more than that. It is said cows left to their own choice, will feed four times a day; and therefore it is argued that they should be milked an equal number of times. It may be true that frequent milking will induce a greater flow of milk, though the consequence would be need of greater feed or a permanent injury to the animal.

## RECIPTS.

LEMON SAUCE.—Make some melted butter with water instead of milk; then put in two ounces of sugar, the juice and shred rind of half a lemon, and the other half freed from its skin, sliced thin, and each slice cut into quarters; give it a boil up, and serve.

—Give as an aperient, and extenuate his hand as he speaks toward her. On third finger blazed the beautiful gem of his heart, and she, in great awe and awe, fully displayed in the pale afternoon light his flushed back in rosy radiance its bright-tinted depths.

## THE RIZZLER.

## Grammatical Enigmas.

I am composed of 15 letters.  
My 1st, 2, 10, and 6, is a noun.  
My 5, 8, 9, is a pronoun.  
My 3, 7, 13, 14, is an adjective.  
My 4, 11, 12, is a verb.  
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 13, 14, is an adverb.  
My 12, 13, 14, 15, is a preposition.  
My 5, 7, 10, 11, is a conjunction.  
My 8, and 7, is an interjection.  
My whole is a preposition.

Berkick, Pa.

DORA SEYBERT.

## Charades.

I am composed of three syllables.  
My first is an auxiliary verb.  
My second is a pronoun.  
My third is an insect.  
My whole is an extinct animal.

PHILIP.

## Diophantine Problem.

Find four positive integral numbers, the sum of every two of which shall be a rational cube.  
Send solution to

ARTEMAS MARTIN,  
Box 70, McKees, Erie Co., Pa.  
[?] An answer is requested.

## Problem.

Mr. Forester is the owner of a triangular tract of timber land, which contains in area 1,000 acres. The first side of which tract plus the one-third of the second and third sides thereof, is equal to the second side plus the one-fourth of the first and third sides; as also equal to the third side plus the one-fifth of the first and second sides. From which somewhat complicated relation of the sides to each other, it is presumed, the length of each side separate can be found.  
DANIEL DIPPENBACH,  
Kraterville, Snyder Co., Pa.  
[?] An answer is requested.

## Conundrums.

[?] What is the difference between a pill and a bill? Ana.—One is hard to get up, and the other is hard to get down.

[?] Why is the man searching for the philosopher's stone like Neptune? Ana.—Because he is seeking (sea king) what never existed.

[?] CON. FOR RISMARCK.—Why is the North Sea like the Unity of the Fatherland? Ana.—Because it is the Great German-nation.

[?] When is iron the most ironical? Ana.—When it's a railing.

[?] Which letter in the alphabet is most useful to a deaf old lady? Ana.—A; it will make her hear.

## Answer to Last.

ENIGMA.—"Happy is the king that has a magistrate endowed with courage to execute the laws upon such an offender; still more happy in having a son willing to submit to such a chastisement."

SOFT CRULLERS.—Sift three-quarters of a pound of flour, and powder half a pound of loaf-sugar; beat a pint of water in a round-bottomed saucepan, and when quite warm, mix the flour with it gradually; set half a pound of fresh butter over the fire in a small vessel; and when it begins to melt, stir it gradually into the flour and water; then add by degrees the powdered sugar and half a grated nutmeg. Take the saucepan off the fire, and beat the contents with a wooden paddle or spatula till they are thoroughly mixed; then beat six eggs very light, and stir them gradually into the mixture. Beat the whole very hard till it becomes a thick batter. Flour a pasteboard very well, and lay out the batter upon it in rings (the best way is to pass it through a screw funnel). Have ready, on the fire, a pot of boiling lard of the very best quality; put in the crullers, removing them from the board by carefully taking them up, one at a time, on a broad-bladed knife. Roll but few at a time. They must be of a fine brown. Lift them out on a perforated skimmer, draining the lard from them back into the pot; lay them on a large dish, and sift powdered white sugar over them.

MAKING SOAP WITHOUT GREASE.—One bar of common soda soap, 1 pound sal soda, 1 ounce borax—dissolve the soda and borax in 5 pints of rain or soft water; then add the soap, and boil until dissolved, when you will have, upon cooling, 10 pounds of good soap, worth from 5 to 10 cents a pound, and costing only 1 cent a pound.

CHURAN FAT (Rice).—Half pound of butter, four eggs, sugar, salt, and nutmeg to your taste, and two tablespoonfuls of arrowroot wet; pour on it a quart of boiling milk, and stir the whole together. To be baked in deep dishes.

TRIMMING LAMPS.—Some always use a pair of shears to trim their lamp wicks. I never do. A better way, and one which I invariably practice, is to pinch or wipe off the black crust with a piece of paper; you may keep a cloth for the purpose, if you wish. You will find that the flame will be perfect in shape, and exactly in the centre of the lamp chimney, and also that the wick will last twice or three times as long—quite a desideratum in the country, where I have known it to be necessary to harness the horse and drive to town for lamp wicks.

MAKING LARD.—Cut the fat up into pieces about 3 inches square; fill a vessel holding about 5 gallons with the pieces; put in a pint of boiled oil, made from oak or hickory ashes, and strain before using; boil gently over a slow fire, until the cracklings have turned brown; strain and set aside to cool. By the above process you will get more lard, a better article, and whiter than by any other process.

TO PREVENT IRON FROM RUSTING.—Warm your iron till you cannot bear your hand on it without burning yourself. Then rub it with new and clean white wax. Put it again to the fire till it has cooled in the wax. When done, rub it over with a piece of serge. This prevents the iron from rusting afterwards.

Of the world is general—a conclusion testified by the evidence of Christian; habit of using narcotics and anaesthetics in large quantities to relieve the pain of the neuralgic headaches from which she was a constant sufferer.

DRUG HANDSOME FOR THE HAIR.—Boil a tablespoonful of linseed in half a pint of water for five minutes.